

## IRISH LAD'S GREAT VICTORY.

WINS RICH METROPOLITAN FOR H. B. DURYEA.

Candlemas Colt, finely ridden by Shaw, Leads All the Way, Beating James R. Keene's Toboggan by Two Lengths in 1:40—Winner an Overwhelming Favorite—Beldame Heads Highball Out of Third Money—More Than 40,000 Persons See the Big Handicap Truly Run at Morris Park—Perfect Weather and Fine Track Conditions Prevail.

Irish Lad, the four-year-old son of Candlemas—Arrowgrass, running in the colors of Herman B. Duryea, won the rich Metropolitan Handicap, one mile, at Morris Park yesterday afternoon in magnificent style. Picking up top weight, 123 pounds, and receiving a superb ride from William Shaw, he led the big field from start to finish, winning handily by two lengths in 1:40.

James R. Keene's four-year-old Toboggan, by Kingston—Gladi, Burns up, finished second, two lengths in front of Newton Bennington's three-year-old filly, Beldame, by Octagon—Bella Donna, A. Brennan up, who beat W. M. Stuffer's three-year-old colt Highball, by Ben Stromer—Strychnia, by a short head. Irish Lad was an overwhelming favorite, opening at 11 to 5 and closing at 7 to 5. Toboggan was 10 to 1 shot, while Beldame was quoted at 20 to 1. There were seventeen starters, the send off at the post was perfect and the race was truly run. The handicap was worth \$10,880 to the winner.

The greatest crowd that ever passed through the gates of America's most picturesque race course saw the struggle of the thoroughbreds. It was estimated that fully 40,000 men and women were on hand when the clarion notes of the bugle called the horses from the paddock. The huge grandstand was packed, so that the aisles were impassable. The green lawn, stretching for nearly a quarter of a mile from the exclusive clubhouse to the democratic "free field," was black with humanity.

The betting ring, where more than 100 layers occupied stools and manipulated the odds, was jammed with thousands of struggling men who swore and perspired as they were hurled about like children in a panic-stricken mob.

The clubhouse, where society gathered in radiant gowns and new spring clothes, was the mecca for all notables who love the turf for pure sport's sake. Out on the soft grass in long benches and comfortable chairs women of beauty and fashion basked in the warm sunlight, while in the paddock near by the well bred sons and daughters of famous sires and dams walked nervously to and fro, waiting for the call to the post.

It was a picture that had a background of woodland in the distance, with gloomy looking stables and the long yellow stretches as far as the eye could reach. Gay parties came in tall, well-dressed, twenty of them, while hundreds of equities of all styles were herded together in the enclosure near the starting point of the great race. Furthermore, 200 bunting, whirling automobiles were there, and their passengers, after having the dust removed from their tops, joined the throng without delay.

It was a day made to order by the weather; god. The sun blazed from a cloudless sky, and a breeze from the Westchester hills tempered the warm atmosphere so that the outing was delightful in every respect. Morris Park has always been the most popular racetrack operating under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club, and with this wonderful outpouring of the populace it was never more so than at that racing has the public by the ears.

August Belmont, the chairman of the Jockey Club, was on hand early. James R. Keene, J. H. Bradford, John Hunter and other veterans in the service to whom credit belongs for the integrity of the sport, were there, too, together with men known all over the world in finance, politics, law, and, in fact, every profession, down to the big gamblers and the prizefighters, for a racetrack crowd is always cosmopolitan, no matter how you look at it.

Irish Lad was a great three-year-old last year. He won the Brooklyn Handicap in a sensational finish in which he beat the late W. C. Whitney's Gurfine. In other races he showed such sterling racing qualities that it was an open question which was the champion three-year-old, he or the big winner, Africander. Irish Lad withered at Aiken S. C. and was the watchful eye of Trainer John W. Rogers and prepared for the Metropolitan at Sheephead Bay. It was on Tuesday last that he convinced his owner and trainer that he could win yesterday's big race, barring accidents.

He worked a mile in 1:41 with heavy shades. Shaw had the mount and Trainer Rogers gave the signal to get under way. The Candlemas colt covered the half in 1:14 and was going in grand shape at the three-quarter mile when Rogers waved his handkerchief as a signal to Shaw to ease up. Shaw misunderstood the signal, however, and drew his whip. The first blow he landed made Irish Lad swerve across the track. When the jockey got him straight again he rode him out to the end in 1:41. If he had not drawn his whip the work would have been done in faster time, no doubt. The public, unusually wise as to turf matters, knew of the famous colt's condition, and thousands went to the track ready to bet their all on him. As a result the ring was, in the vernacular of the turf, "killed." The long lines behind the books extended far out onto the lawn, the layers paying out a fortune.

Of the original list of entries sent out Wednesday night, Mattie Corbett's Dazzling, F. R. Doctor's Roseland, John E. Madden's Pulus and W. C. Dalry's Illuvia were scratched. Madden, however, added City Bank, while James R. Keene's Toboggan and Carleese, E. R. Thomas's Buttons and J. D. Adkins's Lord of the Valley were also added starters. While Irish Lad was the hottest kind of favorite, nearly all the wagers were played. Jacob Worth's Mamee was the noted sprinter, was backed down from ten to eight, while Highball was always an offer at 8 to 1. The Keene pair were picked up at 10 to 1. The Keene pair were backed at the same odds. R. H. McCarter Potter's Damon was lowered to 12 to 1, while W. L. Oliver's Lord Badge, Mrs. L. Curtis's good mare Eugenia Burch, the Altamira Stable's Lux Costa and M. L. Hayman's Orphodora were also fancied.

While the betting was under way the horses were receiving the finishing touches in the paddock in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering, including many

## GORMAN HERE TO SEE MURPHY

And Other Democrats—May Have Something to Say Later.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland came over from Washington last night and was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He is to see to-day Leader Charles F. Murphy of Tammany and a number of other Democratic politicians, and it is just possible that he will have a talk with Col. James M. Guffey, Democratic national committee man for Pennsylvania, who is expected to join the group either to-day or to-morrow. Senator Gorman said that after he had talked with these Democrats he might have something to say concerning his ideas on the present Democratic situation.

It has been known for several weeks that if Chief Judge Alton B. Parker is nominated by the Democrats at St. Louis he greatly desires that Senator Gorman should be chairman of the Democratic national committee. Judge Parker has the greatest confidence in Senator Gorman's abilities as a campaigner, and he and his friends believe that Senator Gorman is regarded as a sane and safe Democrat to be chairman of the committee. On the other hand, it has been known all along that many Democrats would like to have Col. Guffey for chairman, no matter who is nominated at St. Louis, but of course the candidate invariably has the selection of the chairman who is to conduct the battle for him.

Senator Gorman's friends said last night that he was not sufficiently robust to undertake the management of another Democratic national battle, and others said that he should not be eliminated from the Presidential possibilities of his party, and they added that Senator Gorman would have a good many delegates in the national convention at St. Louis. But some of those most intimate with Senator Gorman are of the opinion that he himself does not seriously regard the views of his friends that he is still a Presidential possibility.

## ALIVE AND HEIR TO \$149,000.

George Miller, a Typhoid Patient, Will Hear Good News From Brooklyn.

George Miller, the only son of the late Charles Miller, a rich Brooklyn grocer, who had been missing for nearly three years, and for whom a search was begun on the death of his father, a few months ago, has been located in the county hospital at Sacramento, Cal. A letter from the young man was received yesterday by one of his friends in Brooklyn, stating that he had been laid up in the hospital for a month with an attack of typhoid fever. He was still in ignorance of the fact that his father, who discarded him over three years ago and sent him off to make his own fortune, was dead, and that by his will \$149,000 estate he had left to be equally divided between him and his six sisters.

Mr. Moffett of the law firm of Moffett & Kramer, which is looking after the interest of the heirs, was notified of the young man's whereabouts and communicated with the authorities of the hospital in Sacramento, and requested them to acquaint the young man with the change in his fortune, and tell him to return to Brooklyn as soon as his health would permit.

Miller, who is now in his thirtieth year, has wandered through most of the Western States since his exile from Brooklyn, and has had many adventures, including a marriage in California and a subsequent divorce. The probating of his father's will will be delayed until he gets back.

## RACECOURSE GET HURT.

Controller of Crowded Car Burns Out, and Scare Does the Rest.

The electric controller on the rear platform of a Union Railway trolley car at West Farms and Bear Swamp roads blew out at 6 o'clock last night, when the car was crowded with passengers from the Morris Park races. One passenger was burned and two others were hurt in the rush to get out of the car.

The car was one of a long line crowded to overflowing. Men were five rows deep on the rear platform.

When the controller burned out, James Coyle of Taylor street, Van Nest, who had been leaning against it, was burned about the face and hands.

Other injured passengers who gave their names to the police were: Joseph Hunna of 2050 Valentine avenue, out about the face and knee; Louis Anna of 102 Sullivan street, back bruised, and John Carragee, 35 Varick street, out about the face. About a dozen more were slightly injured.

## HAMMERSTEIN RAN.

"I'm No Freak," Said He, When the "Seeing New York" Man Pointed Him Out.

Oscar Hammerstein was having his boots blacked in front of the Broadway Theatre yesterday afternoon when a sightseeing automobile came along. There were about fifty men and women on top of the vehicle. The guide stood among them calling their attention, as usual, with a megaphone to everything interesting.

"Here we have the Broadway Theatre," said the guide, "and, ladies and gentlemen, let me call your attention to the man with the black beard sitting in the boot-black chair. That is Oscar Hammerstein, the champion short distance opera writer of the country, and—"

Hammerstein didn't wait to hear any more. He ran around the corner and hid in a doorway.

"I'm no freak," said the theatre manager to a friend, who asked why he ran.

## CAVE-IN IMPRISON MINERS.

Rescuers Heard Their Tapping, but Were Driven Away by Another Fall.

ABRIDGMENT, Pa., May 5.—With freedom only a short distance away, yet helplessly pinned down and imprisoned by a fall of coal and rock in a breast at the Continental colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, George Zuehl and Joseph Omsky, Girardville miners, rapped signals of encouragement that spurred on a band of rescuers for several hours to-day. At 12 o'clock the messages, which came in the form of repeated rattlings on the coal with a pick, ceased. The men are believed to have suffocated. Late this afternoon the rescuers uncovered a boot, but before they could determine whether or not it contained a foot they were driven to seek safety by sounds which preceded another heavy fall. The mine officials expect to reach both men by morning, though little hope is held out that they are alive.

NEW YORK TABLE TO ASSEMBLY PARK. Beginning May 6, the Pennsylvania Railroad will place on sale summer excursion tickets to Atlantic City, Long Beach, and other points on the New York and Long Beach Railroad. The 1910 midnight train will be withdrawn.

## YALE HERE, SEEING NEW YORK

TRIE THE POOR MAN'S MATTRESS AT THE MILLS HOTEL.

Sees Poorhouse and Chinatown—Tenderloin Cut Out—Bodies in the Morgue Found Dead by Prof. Bailey—Sociological Studies and a Diary Thereon.

The social standing average of the guests at the Mills Hotel in Blooming street got its annual boost last night when sixty-four Yale students and their professor of sociology, William B. Bailey, slept there after a hard day's work in studying the raw material of sociology on Blackwell's Island, the East Side and in Chinatown.

Twenty of the delegation were divinity students. All the others were seniors in the academic department. Prof. Bailey never brings any of the under class men on his annual sociological junkets, because, he thinks, they are too young to understand. After four years of sociology in text books, however, a student of average intelligence will recognize a tenement house at a glance, especially if the washing is strung out on the fire escapes.

The students arrived from New Haven early in the day, and went first to the Morgue, where an attendant rolled out some of the slides with corpses on them for the benefit of the visitors.

"Now, gentlemen," said Prof. Bailey, speaking without referring to his notes, "these are dead bodies."

Some of the students made notes of the facts. Others seemed to think they could remember it.

Then they all boarded the ferry for Blackwell's Island, where they went through the various institutions and had lunch in the poorhouse, concerning which Prof. Bailey made some remarks. From Blackwell's Island the delegation went to Ward's Island, although the institutions there for the foolish are slightly crowded.

That ended the daylight sightseeing. The sociologists had supper at the Mills Hotel and then went to the Bowery. In the Atlantic Garden they studied a tight-rope walker and the "lady orchestra in white" for half an hour and then went to the Chinese opera house in Pell street, where they saw five minutes of "The High-binders of Tientsin."

At night Prof. Bailey was assisted in showing his charges the life of the downtown by Detectives Carr, Caddell, and Martin, the plain clothes men of the Elizabeth street station. The cops had nothing to do in the way of restraining the students, for the delegation was so full of sociology that not once in the course of the day or of the night did the visitors give so much as a sample of the Yale yell, not even when they were officially welcomed to Chinatown by Chuck Connors. Chuck knew in advance that they were coming and had spent the afternoon studying an old newspaper clipping containing a speech of welcome by Mayor Low to a Chinese prince.

"I welcome you to Chinatown," said Chuck, "and everything is open from the Jones House to the dope joints. I hope that the relations between Chinatown and you will always be of the friendly kind."

"I thank you," replied Prof. Bailey, and the sixty-five students of sociology filed solemnly by without a murmur.

After seeing the High-binders, the students were led by the detectives up two flights of rickety stairs to a concert hall across the street from the Chinese opera house. It was too early for there to be much business in the place. When the students filed in, there were only one man and one woman in the place, and they were just beginning to get acquainted. To be studied as types and have notes taken on their mutual advances seemed to chill their budding affection, and they left their beer glasses half filled to seek another shelter.

The waiters hustled around and placed chairs about the tables for the sixty-five and then waited for orders, but there were none to speak of. Out of the sixty-five callers the house got three sales of soft stuff and one order for a package of cigarettes. The soloist of the place quit singing mother songs and sang "How Dry I Am" in four languages, but the sociology students were not swayed. When four unattached women drifted in and smiled at the sixty-five young men altogether, Prof. Bailey led the retreat to the Jones House, where each young man spent a quarter for a package of punk.

Then they went to a Chinese restaurant and to a lodging house and then back to the Mills Hotel.

The story of the day was found in skeleton form in the lost notebook of the only one of the sixty-five young men who stole away by himself to do some original research work in the Tenderloin, which wasn't on Prof. Bailey's schedule this year. It was somewhere in the Tenderloin that he lost the book and he spent so much time, with the help of two young women and a cab driver, trying to find it that he didn't get to the Mills Hotel to sleep. In the final analysis, his fellow students say, he will be conditioned on the subject of the poor man's mattress, unless he can crib it.

Extracts from the notebook, which was found at the entrance to the Haymarket, are:

May 5.—To the metrop. with old Bill Bailey and a lot of stuff—sociology. Saw eight stiffs on casters in the morgue. They were dead because Old Bill said they were, in lecture. Jail, poorhouse, funny house. Grub at a great white tomb down town.

Night—Atlantic Garden. Oceans of beer, not a drop to drink—girl playing the base horn in a peach—Chinese show on the bum.

Concert hall, more beer in sight but nothing doing. Four hulus in picture hats—didn't know they existed. Wrote away on the love of the deprived for fiery. All have to fly the coop when Prof. sees the girls.

Chinese restaurant. Have chop suey for tea time. It's a sort of hash, but not like what mother used to make. Will write article about Yellow Peril by personal observation—come to New York again some time without the Prof.

## DR. CASPAR MORRIS INDICTED.

Well Known Philadelphia Physician to Answer for Assault.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5.—Dr. Caspar Morris, the Locust street physician who, several weeks ago, it is alleged, assaulted William H. Smalley in the office of the Girard Trust Company, was indicted by the Grand Jury to-day on the charge of aggravated assault and battery. Dr. Smalley is a lumber merchant and had gone to the office of the trust company, at Broad and Chestnut streets, on the morning of Saturday, April 2, to make a deposit. There he met Dr. Morris. A dispute arose between them as to their place in a long line, and the physician broke the merchant's nose and sent him to the hospital for two weeks. Dr. Morris is the head of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families.

## TORNADO HITS OKLAHOMA.

Small Town Reported Wiped Out—Wind Storm in Northern Iowa.

CHICAGO, May 5.—A tornado, which swept a small area of Iowa this afternoon, caused considerable alarm in the northern and northwestern parts of the State. The Weather Bureau believes that the Iowa storm is the tail end of the tornado earlier in the day in Oklahoma Territory. The damage done in Iowa was not great, according to reports to-night, but the telegraph and telephone systems are so demoralized that little news can be secured.

From Sioux City comes a report of a terrific wind storm followed by rain, which did slight damage only. In the area visited by the storm there are several settlements, which are cut off from all communication to-night, and it is feared that the damage there may be serious and that to-morrow loss of life will be reported.

A destructive tornado, followed by a fearful hailstorm and later a cloudburst, did great damage in Oklahoma. Wires are down and details are meagre. It is reported that Cordell, a little town in Washita county, has been wiped out. West Weverford much damage to crops and cattle is reported. The Rock Island Railroad is washed out in several places.

Helena, Timber Lake and Albia were also struck by the tornado. Crops, cattle and buildings were damaged, but no lives are reported lost.

## TORNADOES IN TEXAS.

Loss of Life is Reported in Two Places—Telegraph Wires Down.

DALLAS, Tex., May 5.—Terrific rain and electrical storms raged over north and northwest Texas from 8 to 10 o'clock to-night. At 11 P. M. reports are coming in showing great damage with loss of life. A tornado at Moreland, in Shackelford county, caused the death of a number of persons.

A tornado in Parker county, near Weatherford, is reported to have caused the loss of several lives. Wires are badly crippled and details difficult to obtain.

At Dallas the rain was almost a cloudburst in severity, and damage in the country districts is feared.

## MISS CRUGER OPERATED ON.

Dr. Bull the Surgeon—She is Reported to Be Doing Well.

Miss Violet D. Cruger, stepdaughter of J. Frederick Tams, underwent an operation for the removal of her vermiform appendix yesterday morning, at her home, 4 Lexington avenue. The operation was performed by Dr. W. T. Bull of 45 West Thirty-fifth street. After the operation it was announced that Miss Cruger was doing well.

Miss Cruger, who is almost 20 years old, is the daughter of Eugene Cruger, who died in France in 1898. On several occasions it has been reported that she was engaged to be married to Howard S. Vanderbilt, youngest son of William K. Vanderbilt, but the reports were denied by the members of both families.

## CANAL MATTERS DISCUSSED.

Conference at the White House Over the Government of the Canal Zone.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Secretary Taft, Attorney-General Knox and the members of the Isthmian Canal Commission were guests of President Roosevelt at dinner to-night, and afterward there was a conference with the President on Canal matters. Plans for the government of the Canal zone were discussed, and it was decided to place the Canal Commission under the same law as the Philippine Commission. The commission will prepare as soon as possible such legislation as it considers necessary at this time, and it will then be passed upon by Secretary Taft and Attorney-General Knox. This legislation will include provision for courts and a police system, it being the intention to subject the Canal zone to the laws of Panama and of America.

One of the most important matters discussed at the meeting to-night was the selection of a chief engineer for the Panama Canal. After thoroughly considering the names of several prominent civil engineers, it was decided to appoint the one who had been offered, but the selection will be kept secret until he makes known whether he can accept the place.

## ESCAPED IN HER NIGHT DRESS.

Mrs. Crider's Flight From an Atlantic City Hospital.

ATLANTIC CITY, May 5.—Mrs. Bertha Crider, a patient at the Atlantic City Hospital, escaped from the fire escape shortly before 10 o'clock to-night and ran barefooted seven blocks up Pacific avenue. Her hair hung in a disheveled mass, and she wore nothing but a night dress.

As soon as her absence was discovered the hospital was alerted, and it was not long before the fleeing woman, who had gained considerable headway, was being carried into the McClay apartment house at South Carolina avenue just as the ambulance came up. Mrs. Crider suffers from nervous prostration. She had been in the hospital but a few days.

## FRANK MOSS ILL.

The Ex-Police Commissioner in a Hospital at Los Angeles, Cal.

ATLANTIC CITY, May 5.—The Police Commissioner of this city, is ill in the Deaconess' Hospital at Los Angeles, Cal. He is suffering from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Mr. Moss is a lay member of the New York delegation to the Methodist General Conference at Los Angeles.

Mr. Moss's home, in this city, it was said last night that word had been received from the sick man and that his condition had improved.

## Negroes All Barred From Voting.

NORFOLK, May 5.—The people of Spencer are rejoicing to-day over the fact that they have the first complete "white man's town" in North Carolina since the civil war, the last negro voter in the place having been disfranchised by the new State Constitution containing an educational qualification. Spencer's population is half black, and many old negroes who have been voting since their emancipation are now greatly worked up.

Burnett's Express of Vanille. Used exclusively by all leading hotels and clubs.

## WOMAN SURPRISES BURGLAR.

CAUGHT IN A BRONX LOT, HIS POCKETS FULL OF JEWELRY.

Mrs. Dalley, Alone With Her Child in the House, Found Him—Couldn't Get Out by Window He Jumped Through, but Got Help in Time—Reserves in Chase.

Mrs. Mary Dalley, who lives with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Lecouver, in a first story apartment at 18th street and Sedgwick avenue, in The Bronx, went to a second floor bedroom at 6 o'clock last night and found a man ransacking the bureau drawers. Mrs. Dalley's six-year-old daughter, Elsie, was asleep in the room.

Mr. Lecouver, who is president of the Lecouver Press Company, at 41 Broad street, was automobiling with his wife. The two servants also were out.

"What are you doing here?" Mrs. Dalley demanded.

"The servants let me in," said the stranger. "I am an insurance agent."

"There are no servants here," said Mrs. Dalley. "You're a burglar."

The man ran down to the kitchen and got out a window. He had got in through the same window by twisting out two of the iron bars. Mrs. Dalley ran to Mr. Lecouver's room and got his revolver. When she reached the kitchen window she couldn't climb out.

Mrs. Dalley ran around to the front door, where she called to John Miller, a stableman for Thomas B. Leahy, who lives next door. Miller gave chase after the thief, who ran down Sedgwick avenue and turned into Wolf street.

Policeman Edward Edsall of the High Bridge police station, who was only a block away, heard Miller's yell and joined in the pursuit. He fired three shots at the fleeing man, but didn't hit him.

After running along Wolf street for four blocks the thief turned into Lynde avenue, where there is a big vacant lot near the old aqueduct. The thief slipped through an opening in the high board fence.

The policeman was too big to get through the opening after him. He ran on to the next corner where he found a low place in the fence that he could climb.

Capt. Wendell of the High Bridge station had heard the shooting and sent out the reserves. They joined Miller and Mrs. Dalley, who had kept up the chase, and the whole party swarmed through into the lot.

Edsall got into the lot in time to see his man run into a clump of bushes.

"You came any nearer and I'll blow your head off," shouted the thief.

"You've got no gun. Come out," was Edsall's answer.

The thief surrendered and was taken to the police station, where he said that he was John Missig, 24 years old, of Hoboken. He would give no further information about himself.

Every pocket in Missig's clothes was bulging with jewelry. By the time the police had sorted it out Mr. and Mrs. Lecouver had got to the station. Mrs. Lecouver picked out a diamond ring, a ruby ring, a silver watch and a gold locket and chain, which she said were her property.

This is the police list of the rest of the stuff found on the prisoner:

Man's gold ring set with four rubies; woman's gold ring set with two sapphires; three diamonds; a silver watch marked "E. J. to F. A. 1903"; twenty-six foreign coins; gold cigar cutter set with diamonds; five pairs gold-rimmed spectacles; a pearl and ruby ring; open face silver watch; gold watch; gold chain of twenty-eight links; chateaine bag containing \$3.98; two notes of \$1,000 each, payable to Mrs. L. B. Bentley, 235 West 142d street; a pocketbook containing a number of trinkets; a gold mounted gold watch; a silver cigar holder; a gold match box set with diamonds, and a silver match box.

He also had a bunch of skeleton keys and a number of visiting cards of various names. The police had a couple of Central Office sleuths look the prisoner over. They didn't know him.

## WOULDN'T GO IN SERVANTS' DOOR.

Facial Massage Artist Gets a Summons for a Hotel Proprietor.

At the request of Miss E. de Chantal Bodie Magistrate Poon in the Yorkville court yesterday issued a summons for the appearance to-day of Proprietor Foster of the Algonquin Hotel on West Forty-fourth street.

The young woman had propounded this question: "Have I not a legal right to pass into the hotel by the principal entrance and not be ordered to enter by the basement door?"

"There is a nice legal point there," said the Magistrate. "I cannot decide that question until I have all the evidence."

Bodie said she gave facial massage and had as patrons two women guests of the Algonquin. Miss Bodie was born in Cuba of French and Spanish parentage, and is so decided a brunette that she thinks the hotel proprietors may have mistaken her for a negro.

"I have treated some of the best known women in New York, and I never was so humiliated in any place I went to," she explained. "I have patients in some of the biggest hotels in the city, and I pass in and out as other respectable people do. Mr. Foster greatly humiliated me last Monday by ordering me to go down to the basement and enter with the other servants. I am not a servant. I am a professional woman."

Miss Bodie refused to go in by the servants' door and telephoned to her patrons why she didn't come to them. Subsequent to their appearance in court also were issued.

## TROLLEY CAR HITS A TRAIN.

Three Hurt in an Accident Near the Coney Island Creek Bridge.

Three persons were injured last night when a trolley car crashed into the rear end of a train on the Fifth avenue line just north of the Coney Island Creek bridge. Both trolley cars and trains run on the same tracks at this point. The trolley on the train splashed from the wire, and as a result the train was dark.

There is a curve where the accident occurred, and Motorman Henry Shafer of the trolley car didn't see the train until he was within a few feet of it. Then his brake refused to work.

The front of the trolley car was badly smashed and Shafer was dragged from the wreck badly hurt. The train hands put him on a car and took him to Ulmer Park, where he lives.

Charles Stratton, who works in one of the Coney Island shows, was in the car with his wife, Emma. There were no other passengers. Both were thrown to the floor of the car, receiving bruises and cuts from flying glass. They were taken to their home in Coney Island. The train suffered little damage.

## ARREST MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Tenderloin Police Have the Couple on Charges of Shoplifting.

A mother and daughter were locked up in the Tenderloin station yesterday as shoplifters. They were arrested in a Sixth avenue store after they had stolen \$10.10 worth of lace and trinkets. When the mother was searched, property supposed to have been stolen from another store was found. She said she was Mrs. Mary Downes, 44 years old, of Suffern, N. Y. Mrs. Downes was well dressed and had more than \$50 in her purse.

Her daughter is a very pretty girl, and she first gave her name as Catherine Downes, but changed the Christian name at her mother's solicitation to Jennie. She said she was 17. She took her arrest coolly, as did her mother.